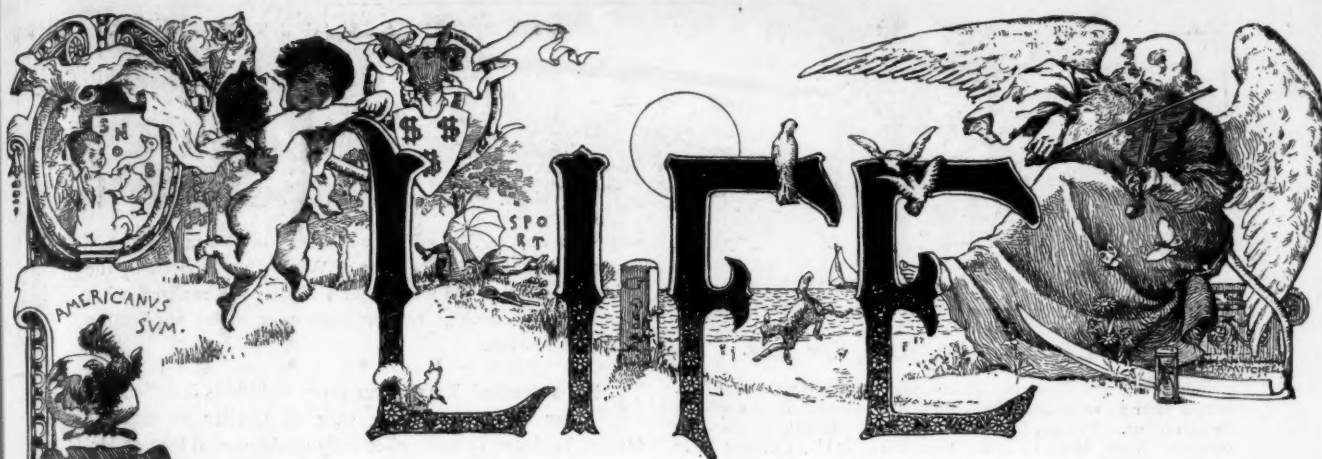


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WINTER TRAVEL IN MONTANA.

Trapper: HELLO! WHERE ON AIRTH DID YOU COME FROM?

Apparition: JUST CLIMBED UP FROM THE PACIFIC EXPRESS DOWN BELOW. HOW FAR IS IT TO THE NEXT STATION?



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XI. FEBRUARY 2, 1888. No. 266.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., \$1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX. and X. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

IT was impossible to read the account in the *Tribune* of the recent Yale dinner in this city, without gaining the impression that Yale College was an institution down in Connecticut somewhere, which was famous as having been at one time the home of Chauncey M. Depew. With one exception, every person at that dinner whose remarks were found worthy to be reported, made speeches about Mr. Depew, garnished and punctuated with side allusions to Yale. Even the venerable president of the college (all college presidents are venerable) devoted three words to Mr. Depew for every two that he spoke for his college. The sole exception to the rule of the evening was the After-Dinner Autocrat himself. He talked about the Yale fence, and Mayor Hewitt, and other public institutions, and told what a great college Yale was already, and how much greater it would be if it only had two or three millions more of endowment.

When Mr. Depew sat down the president of the college got up, and illustrated how a part is greater than the whole by his anecdotes of the president of the alumni association. Similar illustrations followed from General Husted, ex-Editor Brownley and Lawyer Wetmore, and they seemed to be continuing when the *Tribune's* reporter took his notes down to the Tall Tower to be put into type.

By a familiar figure of speech an eminent man is often described as "a host in himself." Let anyone who does not understand the full power of this expression make a feast somewhere, and invite to it the presidents, respectively, of the Central-Hudson Railroad, the Union League Club and the Yale Alumni Association. If his invitations are all accepted he will understand how it is that the centre of population in New York has shifted from below Fourteenth Street to above Forty-third since Mr. William Maxwell Evarts became senator.

THE phrase, "a simple Christian life," has been a by-word ever since Mayor Hewitt adopted it, and it would doubtless be hard to ring any change on it that would

surprise its maker. And yet when the Mayor read of its adjustment in court to the career of Whyo Dan Driscoll by the District Attorney, the worthy man must have realized what depths of unconscious humor there were in his application of the expression.

THE esteemed Republican press still finds it difficult to determine whether the case of Lucifer or that of Daniel Webster is most effectively analogous to that of Mr. James Russell Lowell.

MANY a shaft has Mr. Curtis let fly from his sure retreat on Staten Island at New York society, but few of them have stuck in the target with a more gratifying quiver than the one shot from the last *Harper's*.

Rest assured, esteemed sir, that your warning has fallen upon at least one assortment of attentive ears. LIFE will not feel obliged to hire the whole of Delmonico's establishment when it gives its party, nor shall we be prevented from offering modest jugs of beer to our friends and constituents by any jealousy of Van Astorbilt Falernian.

And, on the other hand, dear Mr. Curtis, when Mr. Van Astorbilt hires two bands and a five-story building, and sends us word that the Falernian is warming, let us not be kept at home by any squeamishness about accepting better things than we can afford to give. "Next to winning," said F. X., "the best fun is losing;" in like manner we do modestly maintain that although it is more blessed to give than to receive, the satisfaction that comes of taking in, though second rate, is still worth experiencing, particularly when the experiment can be made with terrapin and canvas-back ducks. Let us be humbly thankful for the rich, and enjoy them as much as we can, and play with them whenever we can spare the time and our livers will let us.

As for corroding our souls because we cannot do what they can—why should the bellows grumble because it cannot bring forth a blizzard! Let it blow the fire and therewith be content.

MR. HOWELLS has written a letter about the substitution of electricity for the gallows as a means of capital punishment, but he has so adorned his sentiments with considerations of a satirical and humorous nature that it isn't quite clear what he wants. Sometimes we fear that Mr. Howells is confirmed in his frivolities, and incapable of dealing earnestly with serious matters.

It appears to this journal that the electric current does its work with more certainty and less fuss than the noose, and we shall be glad to see the legislature permit, if it does not enjoin, its use in executing criminals.





OFFLEN DIHÖT.*

STADOLS gehert ridöm,
Jädi doliko askü ;
Henä andöl fidöm,
Esek kupalz rastü.

* This is not a Volapük poem, but it looks enough like one to settle the chances of that language with all lovers of the beautiful.

A NEW and popular cigar is named the "Our Bob," in honor of Mr. Ingersoll.

The compliment that it draws well is entirely overshadowed by the fact that it burns rapidly and leaves a very small amount of ash.

AN iron nut trust has been formed in Pennsylvania, but this will not interfere with the Chestnut Trust organized by our Mulberry Street contemporary.

MR. DEPEW'S name has been stricken off the Prohibition slate because he is such an ardent spirit.

THE Democratic as well as the Republican National Convention, should assuredly meet in New York.

This will give the country delegates a chance to nominate their candidates and get their "green goods" all at the same time.

IT is said to be the greatest disappointment of "Patriot" O'Brien's life that "bloody Balfour" let him live to get out of jail.

WHEN a widow is left "all for lawn," she comes naturally by her weeds.

LOCK BOX 343: By all means refuse to accept the proffered office of Lady Patron, unless you receive the committee's assurance that all the matrons will be gentlemen.

A RURAL contemporary alleges that New York newspaper men speak of interviewing Mayor Hewitt as "working the growler."

THE new universal language is pronounced Volahpeek. If Chauncey Depew was a Volapük, would he hail from Pükskill?

THE Czar has granted a concession to an oil company to run a petroleum pipe from Batoum to Baku.

Russia is indeed a progressive nation, and every man, be he noble or ex-serf, will now be able to have his kerosene oil on tap.

QUEEN VICTORIA, who is the head of the Church of England—a lady Pope, as it were—is a staunch Presbyterian in Scotland. She never visits Ireland; but should she do so, she would doubtless be a devout Catholic.

It is well that Her Majesty does not visit any of her heathen domains, for the Queen of England posing as a pagan before an idol, would hardly be an edifying spectacle.



THE WOOL GROWERS' DEMAND FOR PROTECTION.

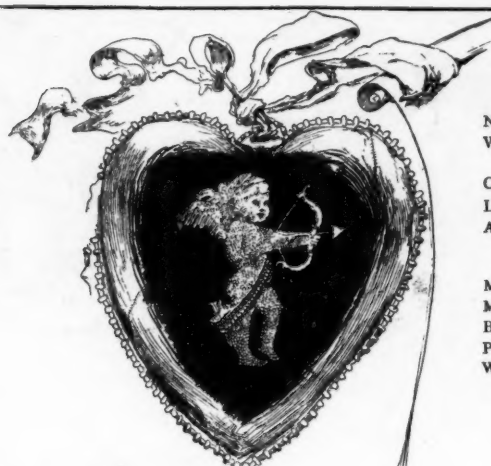
IT is more blessed to give than receive; but the woman who gives a reception, she is doubly blest.

DR. MCGLYNN summons the sluggard to his Anti in the hope that he will join and ante up.

BEFORE going on the stage, Nate Salsbury was an artilleryman. Mr. Salsbury might be able to tell Shakespeare "what's in an aim."

IT is asserted that Maurice Barrymore was a lawyer before he became an actor. We are relieved; we thought he began life as a slugger, since he slugs better than he acts.

THE *Sun* says that Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" is a fitting climax to the Rhingold series. To look at its title, we imagine that the *Sun* is not far from right. "Götterdämmerung" is a long word, but it expresses the feelings of the average man after a Wagner opera.

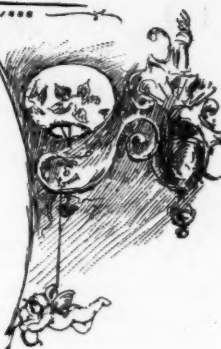


RONDEAU BY A. BRENNAN 1888

DEAR little boy, the times are bad =
Indeed when Love is but the fad
Of Grandmamas who say thy arts,
Now lost, were practiced on their hearts
When they were young: now one grows sad

Contemning life without thy darts;
Life wherein Dame Fashion's marts
Are stocked with maidens, money-mad,
Dear little boy.

Maids daft on togs and gems and carts,
Maids caring for no man of parts,
But choose a dude, or choose a cad
Possessed of wealth, or a wealthy dad,
Who says, "Here's plenty when he starts,
Dear little boy."



AN EMBRYO AGITATOR.

PAPA: Well, Johnny, what is it?
JOHNNY: Please, I want a kite—and a top
—and a wagon—and—and—everything!
PAPA: Whew! You're just about modest
enough to lead a new labor party.

A CONSIDERATE TRAMP.

HAWKINS: Now, my man, as you've had
your breakfast, don't you think you should
saw some*of that wood for me?
TRAMP: Are you crazy, sir? I don't belong to the
Wood Sawyers' Union, and surely you don't want to be
boycotted for employing a "scab!"

THE AMERICAN IDEA.

WE beg to assure the *Commercial Advertiser* and
Professor Boyesen of our most distinguished con-
sideration. We second heartily their motion that foreigners
who go through our public schools should come out Ameri-
cans. We are distinctly tired of having them issue forth as
Irishmen.

THE WHY AND WHEREFORE.

IN a recent article in the *Mail and Express*, General
Adam Badeau says:
"During the twelve years that I passed officially in England, no
American minister dined with the Queen, except Mr. Pierrepont, and
that was during the visit of General Grant. Reverdy Johnson,
General Schenck, Mr. Motley, Mr. Welsh, all came and went, and
never visited Windsor, except to present their credentials or their
recall. Mr. Lowell may have been invited after I left the country,
but this typical American courtier received no royal summons to
dinner while I was in England."

We can only account for this on the ground that Her
Majesty was afraid Mr. Lowell would bring Adam along
with him. The Queen evidently knew Mr. Badeau's habits
of turning out reading-matter by the yard, and objected to
the garish glare of publicity.



Gallant Old Chappie (addressing lady whose figure has suddenly
subsided): EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT I THINK YOU'VE DROPPED
YOUR—AH—MUFF.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

SINCE inaugurating its Sing Sing edition, the *World* has suspended its New Jersey offshoot.

Even Pulitzer can't stand too much enterprise.

WHILE the present æsthetic-looking two-cent stamp is sold by the Post-office, Postmaster-General Dickinson must expect to find himself on a level with the "green goods" citizens of New York.

YALE is in need of \$2,000,000. We hope Mr. Cleveland will get rid of the surplus before Mr. Depew enters the White House. Chauncey is such a loyal alumnus he might be carried away by his opportunities to help his Alma Mater out.



The General: LIEUTENANT FRASER HAS VOLUNTEERED TO LEAD THE EXPEDITION? WHY IT IS ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH! I THOUGHT HE WAS ONLY MARRIED ABOUT THREE MONTHS AGO.

The Colonel: HE WAS, BUT HIS WIFE BELIEVES IN THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN, AND—

The General: OH, WELL; LET HIM GO THEN.

A LETTER.

To the Editor of the "*Boston Globe*:"

DEAR SIR—

WE have received your circular on the subject of pugilism, and would reply to your questions as follows:

1. What in our opinion is the reason for the great interest in pugilism and pugilists taken by the American and English people?

Ans. LIFE does not think the American people take a great interest in pugilism and pugilists. The fact that the newspapers of this land devote more space to pugilism and pugilists than they do to literature and literary men, to state and statesmen, to law and lawyers, to church and churchmen, does not indicate, to our mind, that the American people, as a people, are overwhelmed by the importance of pugilism as a science, any more than the devotion of a third of its space to murders, by the press, is indicative of a widespread regard among educated people for assassination as an art. The newspaper editors, reporters, sluggers and gentlemen of elegant leisure and gory tastes who are overwhelmed by the importance of this science and its devotees, are no more the people of America than the three tailors of Tooley Street were the people of England.

January 31st, 1888.

If the people of England do take a great interest in pugilism and pugilists, as is assumed by your question, we should say it was due to the fact that like attracts like, and the Englishman is attracted by nearly anything that is brutal; for the Briton is brutal in his sports, in politics, in business, in religion, in humor, and, we might add, out of humor.

And if the English like it, of course the American contingent need not base their admiration for it on reason.

2. What is the moral effect of pugilism upon young men?

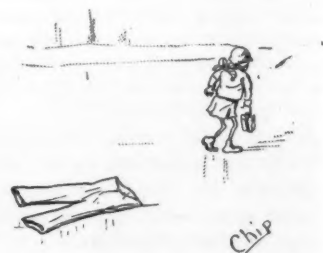
This question cannot be answered, because the effect of it is not moral.

3. Do we think that boxing is a proper part of the physical training of young men?

We do. We even go so far as to agree with the philosopher who believed that barrelling was necessary for young men between the ages of two and twenty.

We would say, before closing, that while Messrs. Sullivan, Kilrain, Smith and other heroes of the prize-ring of to-day exist, we see no reasonable objection to their carrying on their honorable profession until they have knocked each other out, and it is LIFE's opinion that the world can exist, and might even be improved, if all the two-legged brutes were permitted to slay each other. We hardly believe,

ONE WAY OUT OF IT.



Yours very truly,



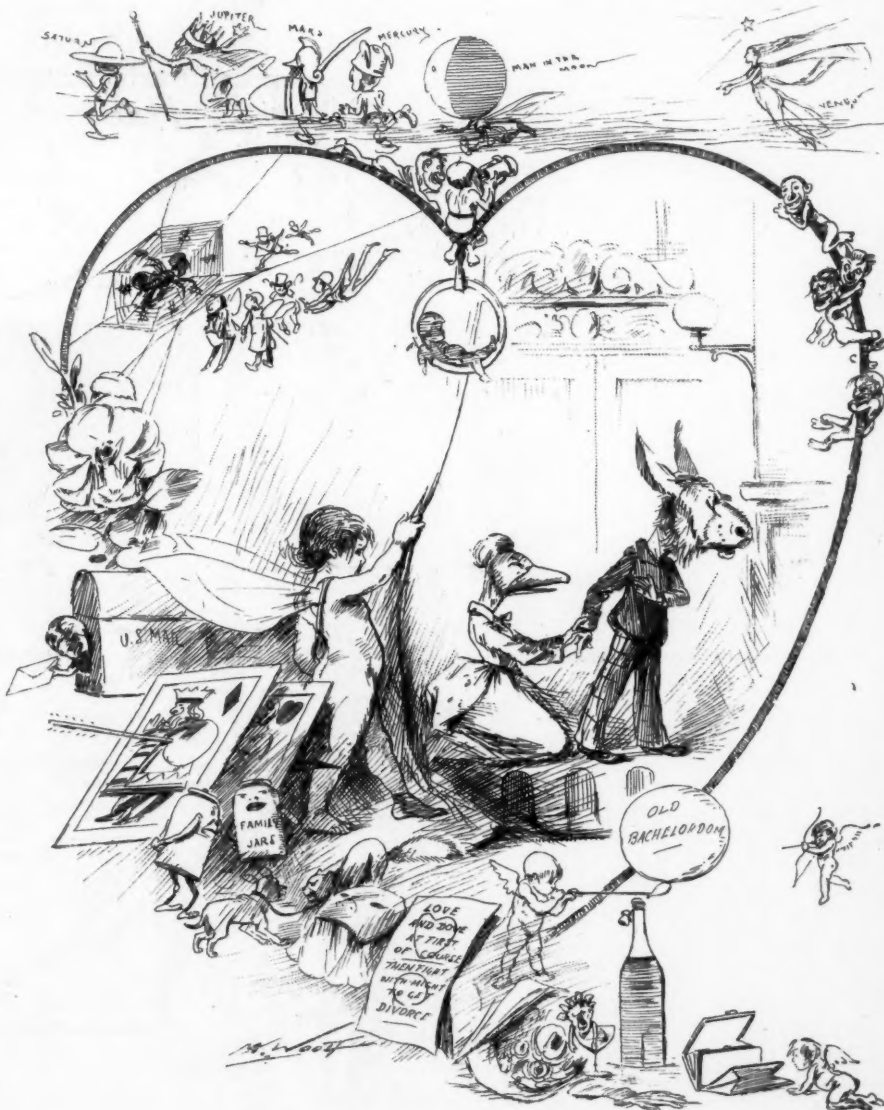
LESSEPS failed," quoth Mrs. Spriggins, throwing down the morning paper. "Dear me! I'd a thought in Panama hats to keep a man's thirteen children. My, but summer!"

LIFE.

To Priscilla of Boston.

Next year against you chances
Will be as ten to one ;
For science take romances
And read your Tennyson.
Leap, and the gods will catch you
Before it is too late,
And find a man to match you
In 1888 !

Idle Idyller.



A LEAP YEAR REVERIE.

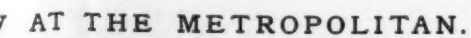
German Op



THE REAL SHOW AT THE

GERMAN "MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE [GERMAN] BREAST," BUT SEE

Opera.



AST," BUT SEEMS TO HAVE A FEEBLE GRIP ON THE FASHIONABLE NEW YORKER.



I BUOYED myself up for three hours the other night in the hope of discovering a little speck of vice, or just a dash of human imperfection in "L'Abbé Constantin," at Wallack's, but I was obliged to admit at the end of that time that the play has a construction of hopeless propriety, in which outrageously good young men, and atrociously perfect women were the attractions.

The hero is one of those young men whom you can imagine inveighing against the pernicious qualities of tobacco, and descanting upon the wonderful beverageous superiority of cold water. The heroine is one of the uninteresting girls who could not elude mamma's vigilance if they would, and who love uneventfully and unflirtatiously, to live happily ever afterwards.

"L'Abbé Constantin" has a pleasingly rural taste about it. It may be called a pastoral poem rather than a play, but for an evening's entertainment, you can take the poem, and I'll go and see the play.

There is nothing extraordinary in a good old abbé. All abbés are perfect. We know that. Why not picture *Father Constantin* as a nice racy old gentleman, about to end his days by making atonement for a naughty, sensational youth? And remember this, Mr. Clinton Stuart, adapter, we want just as little as possible about the atonement, and as much of the naughty, sensational youth as dramatic requirements suggest.

Spurn me with your foot, if you will. I can stand it. Say I am advocating immorality, if you like. I don't mind it, because it is not true. I maintain here, on this sheet of paper, that a play must have some human imperfections in it to succeed. I do not want vice to triumph, or anything of that sort. On the contrary, I want to see virtue ahead all the time, but I don't want it to win the race without a struggle, because I know that it cannot do it truthfully.

That *Jean* in "L'Abbé Constantin" is simply nauseating. A more odious young man it is not possible to imagine. Girls don't love such beings, my dear, good sir. They ought to do so, perhaps, but they don't. They laugh at them. *Suzanne*, however, as I have hinted, is not a girl, but a paragon of monstrous propriety.

"He has not a redeeming vice," remarked the young woman in *LIFE* the other day, referring to a male

object of discussion. That is exactly what I say about "L'Abbé Constantin."

The play is admirably put upon the stage, and well cast. Mrs. Maurice Barrymore is excellent in her impersonation of a match-making mama. Mrs. Abbey is not a very engaging *Suzanne*. She is too piquant and vivacious to represent such a colorless being, whose sole exploit is going out in the rain in a long cloak and a pair of goloshes—extremely heroic, no doubt, but by no means dramatic.

Mrs. Osmond Tearle plays the rôle which Miss Coghlan refused, with a sagacity which only those who have seen the play can fully appreciate. Mr. Lovell, an English importation, appears as *Jean* (pronounced Jörn, Jarn and Jann). It was Mr. Lovell's first appearance in America! Oh, if it were only—no, I will not say it. It would be unkind.

John Gilbert gives an exquisite impersonation of the old abbé. The play is worth seeing on his account. No one else has anything very particular to do.

Alan Dale.

DAKOTA RAILROADING.

PASSENGER: It seems to me that we're a very long time in getting to Wildcat station.

CONDUCTOR: You forget, sir, that last night's blizzard blew it ten miles down the track.

A RECENT issue of a Philadelphia paper contained an account of Lord Nelson's love-making in 1798.

It beats all how quickly the Philadelphia papers get hold of news.

MR. CLEVELAND is quite happy in the knowledge that Presidential lightning has been known to strike twice in the same place.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

PERHAPS it was genuine—Peggy's emotion—
When only last summer I heard her deplore
My cynical sneering at woman's devotion
As something a man can believe in no more.

"Ah, sweetheart," she cried in a hot indignation
That flushed her young cheek and brought tears to
her eyes,
"Do you think any offer of wealth or of station
Would tempt me your heart to betray and despise?"

But before the snow-flakes fell chill on the ivies,
Miss Peggy's high sentiments flew to the wind;
And here lie the cards for her marriage to Dives,
Who's eighty and gouty and weak in his mind!

M. E. W.





A-S-Dacey.

Distinguished Prohibitionist (who occasionally takes a little claret as a tonic): WAITER, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS WINE? IT'S THINNER THAN IT WAS LAST WEEK.

Waiter: SAME WINE, SIR. CHANGE MUST BE IN YOU, SIR. YOU KNOW AS HOW ONE GETS USED TO THE STRONGEST LIQUORS, SIR.

LIFE'S LETTER BOX.

I.

SANDRINGHAM, January 28, 1888.

DEAREST MOTHER:

I view with alarm the rapid accumulation of vexatious questions before your Majesty, which cannot fail to become a great burden to you in your increasing years. Can I not in some degree relieve you of the distasteful details of public station? Why not, dear mother, transfer the reins for twenty-five or thirty years to your devoted son, resuming them at the end of that time, should you see fit. Devote yourself to the grand-maternal duties of the household. Give your remaining years to Brother Battenberg and his offspring—live out your declining days in the innocuous and delightful desuetude which is a part of woman's sphere. I will willingly lay down the careless

butterfly existence of Princeliness to assume the heavy burdens of a Regency, should your Majesty so desire.

Please answer by return mail. Your affectionate boy,

ALBERT EDWARD.

II.

WINDSOR, January 29, 1888.

MY DEAR BERTIE:

Your letter touched me. I cannot permit the young days of my beloved boy to be blighted by the heavy responsibilities of kingship.

I am good for two more Jubilees yet, my boy; so do not worry about your loving mother,

VICTORIA J. REGINA.

P.S.—If you would like to bring your friend Johnnie Sullivan here to lunch some day I would be very glad to have him. V. R.



FROM HEADQUARTERS DIRECT.

Vassal (appearing suddenly and mysteriously): IT IS MR. COMSTOCK'S ORDERS THAT, HEREAFTER, CHILDREN MUST BE BATHED WITH THEIR CLOTHES ON.

III.

SING SING, January 21, 1888.

HON. J. PULITZER:

Sir,—I notice that you vainly offer your friend Mr. Charles A. Dananias \$10,000 to call at your office for the purpose of investigating and swearing to your circulation. Should Mr. Dananias continue to ignore your offer, I beg to inform you that I shall be at liberty, after February 1st, to place my services at your disposal at largely reduced rates. Indeed, I will call at your office, investigate your circulation and swear to most anything daily for \$5,000 per annum through all eternity, should you desire it.

I refer you to Messrs. Henry W. Jaehne, Gay W. Foster, Ferdinand Ward and others of your staff with whom I have been associated in governmental work for three years.

Respectfully yours,

J. W. WILKINS, Lock Box 42, Sing Sing-on-Hudson.

IV.

January 20, 1888.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

I am a New York Society woman with large experience in the matter of surplus reduction. Should you desire my services in dealing with the rapidly accumulating millions in the Treasury, please address

V.

MRS. XX, Care of *Life*.

January 28, 1888.

HON. A. W. GREELY:

Dear Sir,—Recognizing your ability as an explorer and rescuer, I implore your aid in the unhappy situation in which I now find myself. I inadvertently crawled into a hole last autumn, and in a spasm of temporary insanity pulled the hole in after me, so that I am, to all intents and purposes, lost. Could you organize an expedition for my relief and, if I may use the term, retrieval? Answer care of the ex-Reverend McGlynn.

Your lost admirer,

H-N-Y GE-RGE.

VI.

HON. MR. CLEVELAND:

Friend,—Thanks for your beautiful present. The Constitution of the United States forms most interesting reading, and goes well with my set of Rider Haggard and Clarke's Commentaries. Should you at any time attain to a fiftieth year in your present office, I shall be pleased to reciprocate your attention by sending you the blessing of

Yours truly,

LEO W. POPE, P. O. Box XIII., Rome.

SCRAPS.

IF our esteemed contemporary, the *Sun*, is right in saying that "literary property is not like any other, it is only the creature of the law, and the law which creates it limits its existence," we fail to see why some smart penman hasn't the right to re-write Macaulay's Essays, "Paradise Lost," Byron, and some other "literary property" whose existence the law has terminated.

THE commander of the steamship *Ebro*, who did such effective work in the rescue of the passengers of the *W. A. Scholten*, recently wrecked in the Channel, is named Captain Skipper.

There seems to be a redundancy concealed somewhere on this gentleman's person.

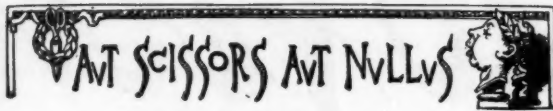
WHEN an audience wishes to gaze upon Mrs. Potter simply as a beautiful woman, they look through the small end of the opera-glass; as an actress, she should be regarded through the large end.



MORNING.



EVENING.



FAMILIAR WITH THE LANGUAGE.

IRISH WOMAN (*to Chinaman in street car*): Shove yersilf fer-nist the carnor wid yer blue shir-rt, ond give a leddy a chance to set down, bad cess to yez!

CHINAMAN: Wow!

IRISH WOMAN: Can't yez talk English, ye yaller haythen?

CHINAMAN: If I couldn't talkee English muchee bettle old Ilish woman, yep, I shootee my glandmothle!—*N. Y. Sun.*

LET US HOPE SHE DIDN'T.

THEY were looking out to sea.

"How fierce and turbulent the ocean is to-night, George, dear," she said, drawing closer to him, "and how angrily it dashes up the waves against the shore!"

"Ah, yes, love," he gently responded, as he stole a protecting arm around the shrinking form of the timid girl, "somebody must be crossing it."

And a look came into her fair young face as, who should say, dare I intrust my future happiness to such a man?—*N. Y. Sun.*

"How many of you are there?" asked a voice from an upper window, of a party of "waits."

"Four," was the reply.

"Divide that among you," said a voice, as a bucket of water fell, "like the gentle dew from heaven," on those beneath.—*Cairo Messenger.*





DANDRUFF
should never be neglected,
because its natural end is in
BALDNESS.

The chief requirement of the hair is cleanliness—thorough shampooing for women once a fortnight, and for men once a week. The best agent for the purpose is

PACKER'S TAR SOAP.

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Nos. 25 and 27 W. 26th St.,

NEW YORK.

IN THE GLOAMING.

CHICAGO LADY (*to husband*): My dear, did you think to order a ton of coal to-day?

HUSBAND: Yes.

CHICAGO LADY: And my shoes?

HUSBAND: Yes; and (*peering out of the window*) there is a truck backing up to the door now, but it's too dark to see whether it has the coal or the shoes.—*Harper's Bazar.*

OLD LADY (*in drug-store*): How is this Persian powder to be applied?

CLERK (*absent-mindedly*): Give 'em a teaspoonful after each meal.—*Epoch.*

ARITHMETIC.

LAURA: So you are really engaged to him, dear? He is forty, you say, and you are twenty—just twice as old as you, love. Dear me, when you are forty he will be eighty!

CLARA: Good gracious! I hadn't thought of that.—*Harper's Bazar.*

FRIEND (*to widow mourning her third husband*): I sympathize deeply with you, my dear Mrs. Hendricks, and was sorry not to be with you in your hour of affliction.

WIDOW (*sadly*): Ah, my friend, you don't know what it is to lose husbands.—*Accident News.*

MOTHER and daughter examining Christmas presents:

DAUGHTER: Are both of these boxes of candy different?

MOTHER: No; neither is alike.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THIS is how a politician got rather mixed just after an election: "Gentlemen, the renown of this glorious victory will re-echo in golden letters through the corridors of the river of time."—*Tit-Bits.*

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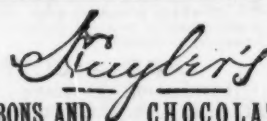
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